city, uncity

poems
by
GERALD HUCKABY

PAGES
by
CORITA KENT

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C.U.
$5.95

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Gerald Huckaby
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In this celebration of color and words, famed artist Corita Kent interprets the poetry of Gerald Huckaby. Corita has hand-lettered each of the 35 poems and has designed every page as well as the bookjacket, endpapers and title pages so that this book of poetry becomes a total artistic experience.

Couched in Corita's glorious technique of color and design, the poems leap out at the reader as the pages are turned. Whether the poem is a poignant memory of childhood, a love song, a stark angry cry against war, or the touching awareness of death, Corita's design is perfectly suited to the content and tone of the words. Whether describing the haunting depression of suicide, or a saucy young lady who flirts with sailors, or the ecstasy of lovers locked in embrace, the colors enhance the imagery of the words and etch each one on the mind's eye as the reader moves from mood to mood.

city, uncity

ONe HAND cONjuRed
FOR eVeRy eye
A SisTiNe SKy CONTAiNiNG
ALWAYS god dRAWN uPON
tHe bubble OF CReA tiON
ReACHiNg LONG
AND StRONg AAMed (eve
THE SHyLy uNdeR-ARMed
AND Wide-eyed WATCHeR Held
just ONe god-body bACK AND
tREMbLiNg At tHe bREAST)
FOReVeR About to Touch
OR TOUCHiNG
iNtO tiME AdAM:

We Rise SLOWLy AND go
eAst iNtO tHe UNAWAKeNed
eve, FOR WHAt tHe deAd
CONCeiVe ONLy tHe WiLLiNG
tO Be StiLL bORN
AND bLiNded CAN See.

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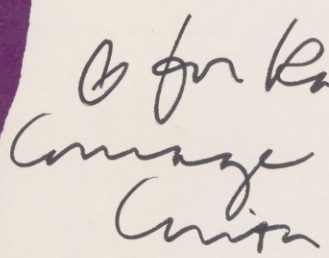

photographs
by
Felix Brewster

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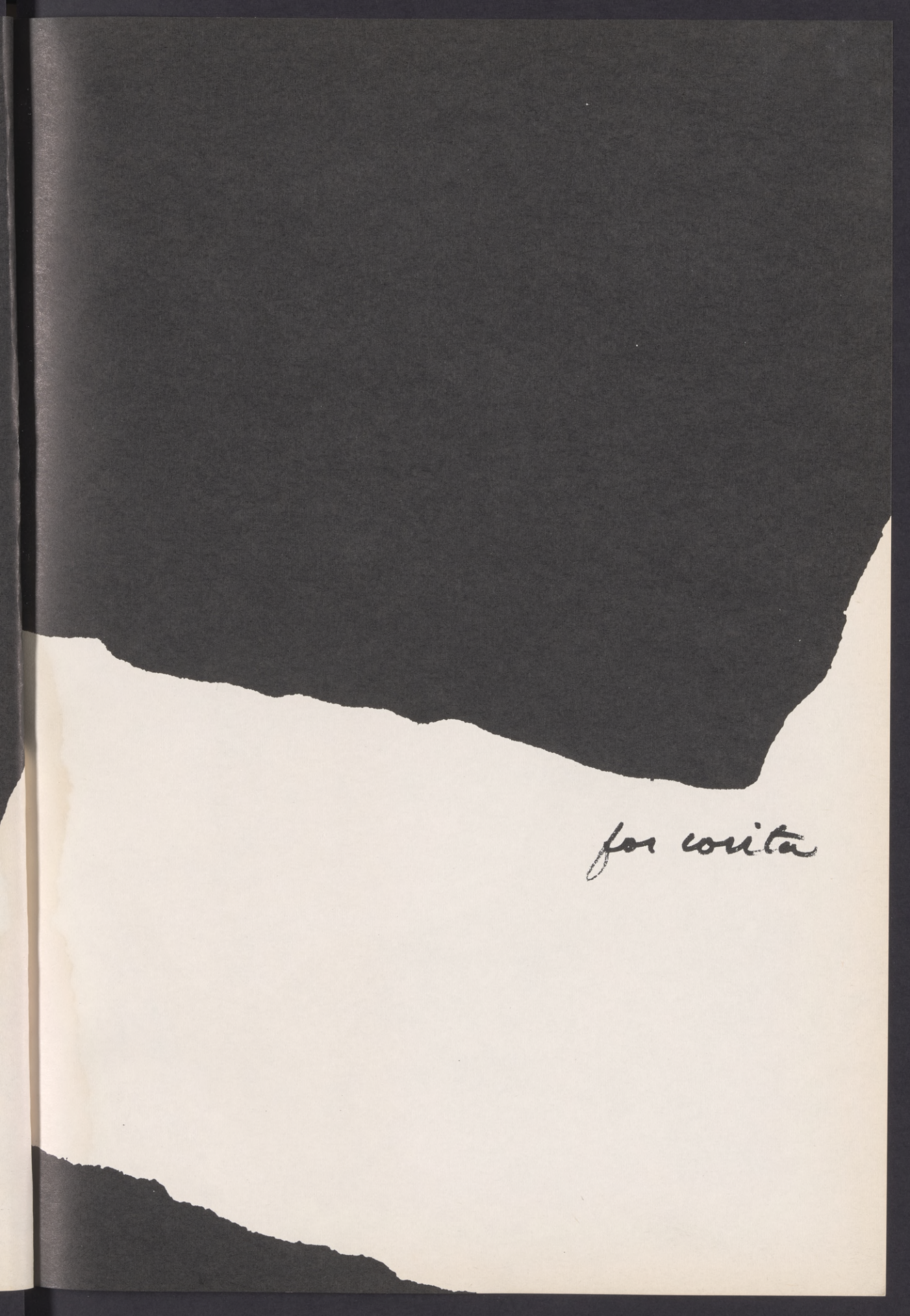
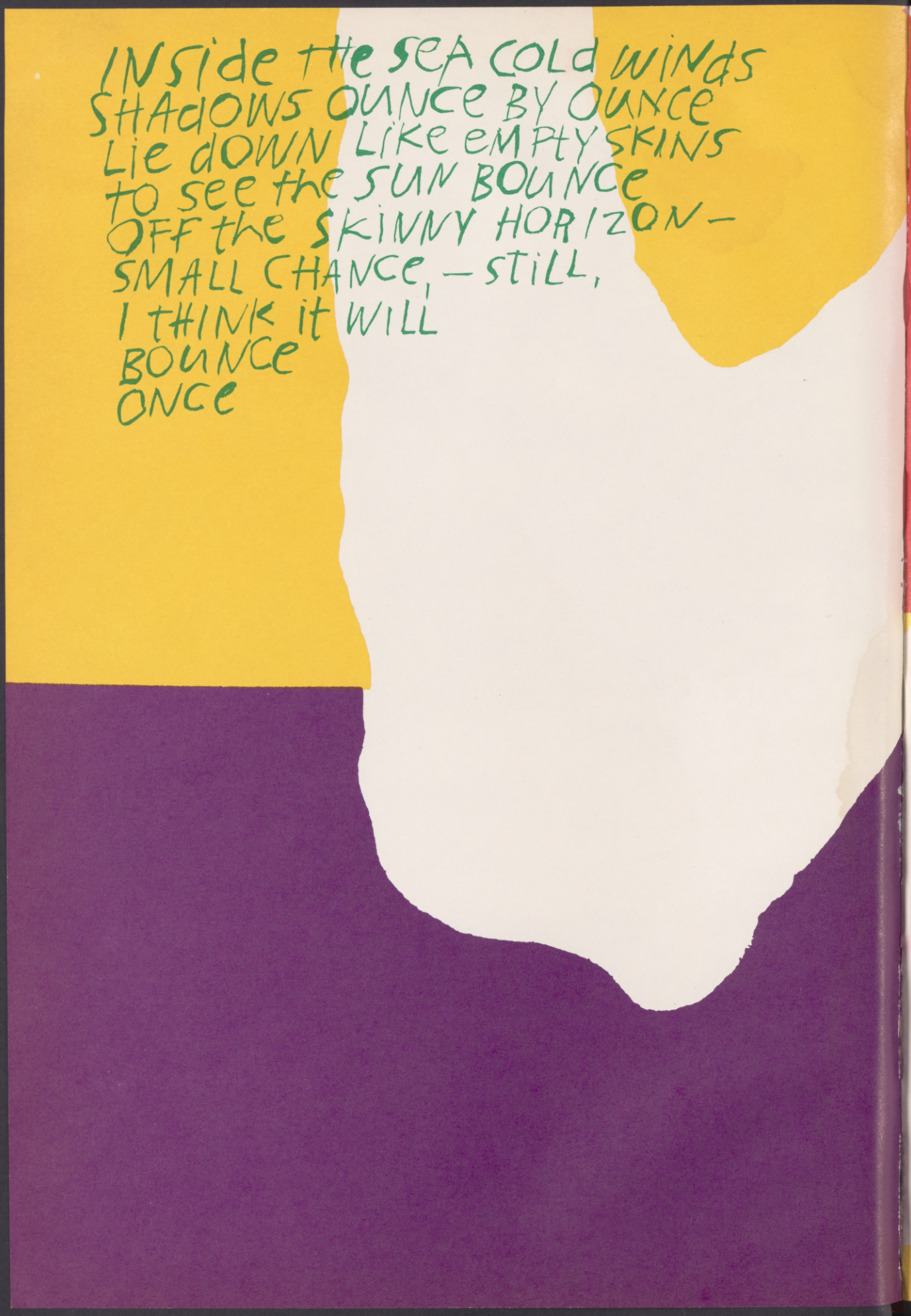
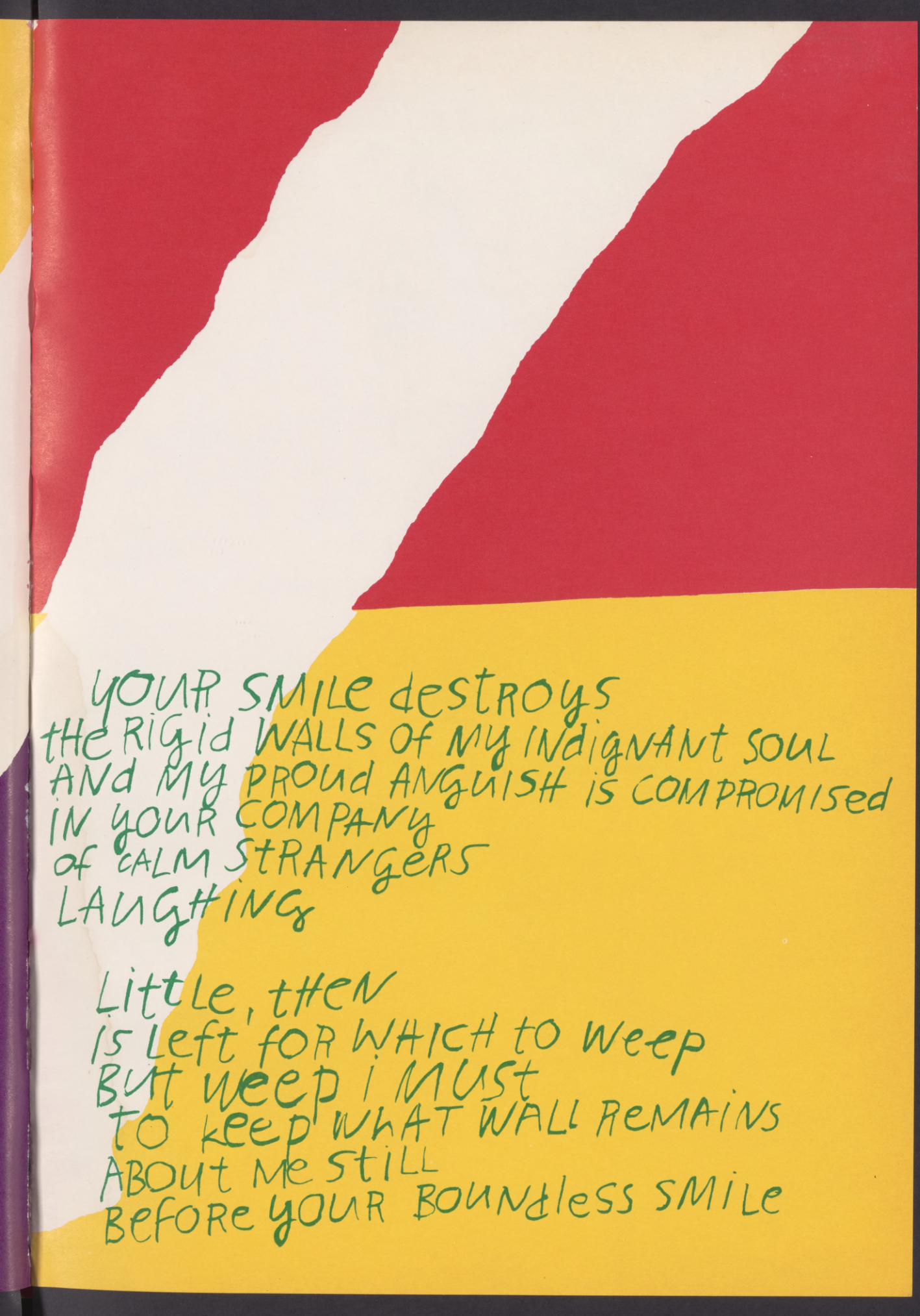

for vivita


INSide the SEA COLd WINdS
SHADOWS OUNCE BY OUNCE
Lie dOWN LIKE EMPtY SKINS
to see the SUN BOUNCE
OFF the SKINNY HORIZON-
SMALL CHANCE, - STILL,
I THINK it WILL
BOUNCE
ONCE


YOUR SMILE destroys
the RIGid WALLS of MY INdigNANt SOUL
AND MY PROUd ANGUISH is COMPROMISed
IN YOUR COMPANY
of CALM STRANGERS
LAUGHING
Little, then
is Left FOR WHICH to Weep
But Weep I MUST
to keep WHAT WALL REMAINS
ABOUT Me STILL
BeFORe YOUR BOUNdless SMILe

IN A MOMENT OF ABSTRACTION
AND SOUL ASSAULT I SAW YOU
IMPATIENT OF MY BARRICADES OF FLESH
AND BONE: YOUR ATTACK OF HEART
ANNIHILATED THE OLD COMFORT
OF MY SELF LOST AMID THE RUBBLE
OF A SPLENDID SPRING DESPAIR:

LET THE WORLD SPRAWL IN MY LAP—
MY LIMBS WILL SPRING IN FLOWERS
AND I WILL ROOT DEEP AND EAGER
TO AVENGE AN EARLY LOSS OF OURS
WHEN WE ONCE THOUGHT TO BE A CHRIST
OF A WORLD FOR A FEW BOLD HOURS,
FORGETTING FLESH HAS MEMORIES.

THE SEA HAD bROKeN itself AGAINST the
WALLS OF ROCK tHAt SHOd THE LIGHTHOUSE
AND WAS SWEPt IN A SPRAWLING FOAM CORPSE
BACK OUT INTO THE YAWNING HOLE OF NIGHT:
I bEND AND CLENCH MY ARMS AND fists
AGAINST MY GROIN AND HUM

THE MORNING STILL fINdS ME
With My HeART THROBbiNG iN My HeAd
AND MY ARMS AROUND MY KNEES:
THE PALE SUN RISES SLOWLY
WITH A LOW-PITCHed WHINE
TO MEET MY EYES: if i WERE GOD

AND LOVE WERE MY CREATION
I'd be HUMILIATed TOO.

OVER AND OVER I SAY
ITS ALL RIGHT
EVERYTHINGS ALL RIGHT
TO EYES THAT CANNOT SEE
UP THROUGH THE MURKY HELL
OF BARBITURATES
BUT KNOWING DAMN FULL WELL
EVERYTHINGS NOT ALL RIGHT

WANTING ONLY TO BE FREE
OF MY LYING, OF THE BED
SHE IS CRUCIFIED UPON,
OF THE SHEETS SHE SPEWS
THE STINK OF LIFE UPON,
OF THE TOWELS THAT TIE HER
COLD WHITE LEGS AND ARMS
TO THIS ANTISEPTIC CAGE
THAT CRADLES OUR WEAK
HOLD ON LIFE

ITS ALL RIGHT, SPREAD-EAGLED,
PINIONED OPEN, SO THAT LIFE
CAN RAPE HER BACK TO US
SO THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO
STAMMER NO ITS NOTHING TO ME
IF SHE REFUSE OUR FLESH
AND MOCK OUR STERILE LITURGY

WITH HER ISCARIOT LIPS, GOD-WARM
AGAINST OUR THIN COLD SCREAMS
OF EVERYTHINGS ALL RIGHT

AND IT IS HERE, LOVE, THAT I
UNDERSTAND, JESUS-PRAYING
ITS ALL RIGHT ITS ALL RIGHT
INTO THE SOUR MUCOUS STENCH
OF DEATH STUCK IN YOUR GAPING
WORDLESS MOUTH: I CAN SEE
IN YOUR WILD EMPTY LOOKING
UP AT WHAT YOU CANNOT SEE
WHATEVER LIFE IS HIDDEN
IN THIS TERRIFYING LOVE.

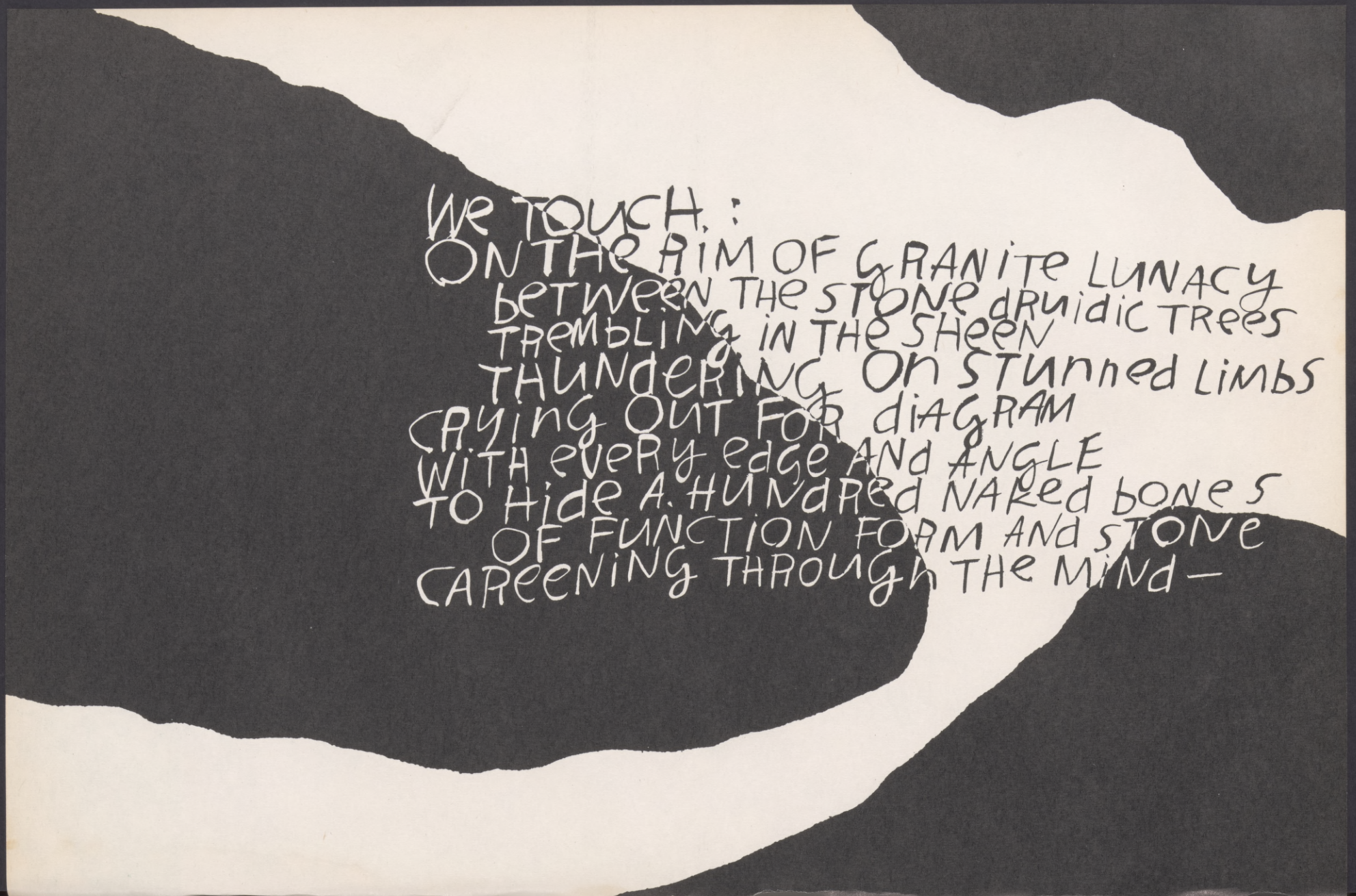
FOR EVEN AS I PAT YOUR HAIR
AWAY FROM YOUR DISTORTED FACE
WITH MY THICK HANDS
AND TRY TO CALM YOUR CRIES
BY MUMBLING STUPIDLY MY LIE
ITS ALL RIGHT
I CANT FORGET LOVE THAT I
TOO LIKE A CORPSE TOO SOON
WILL FALL TO PIECES AND BEGIN
TO SMELL MYSELF

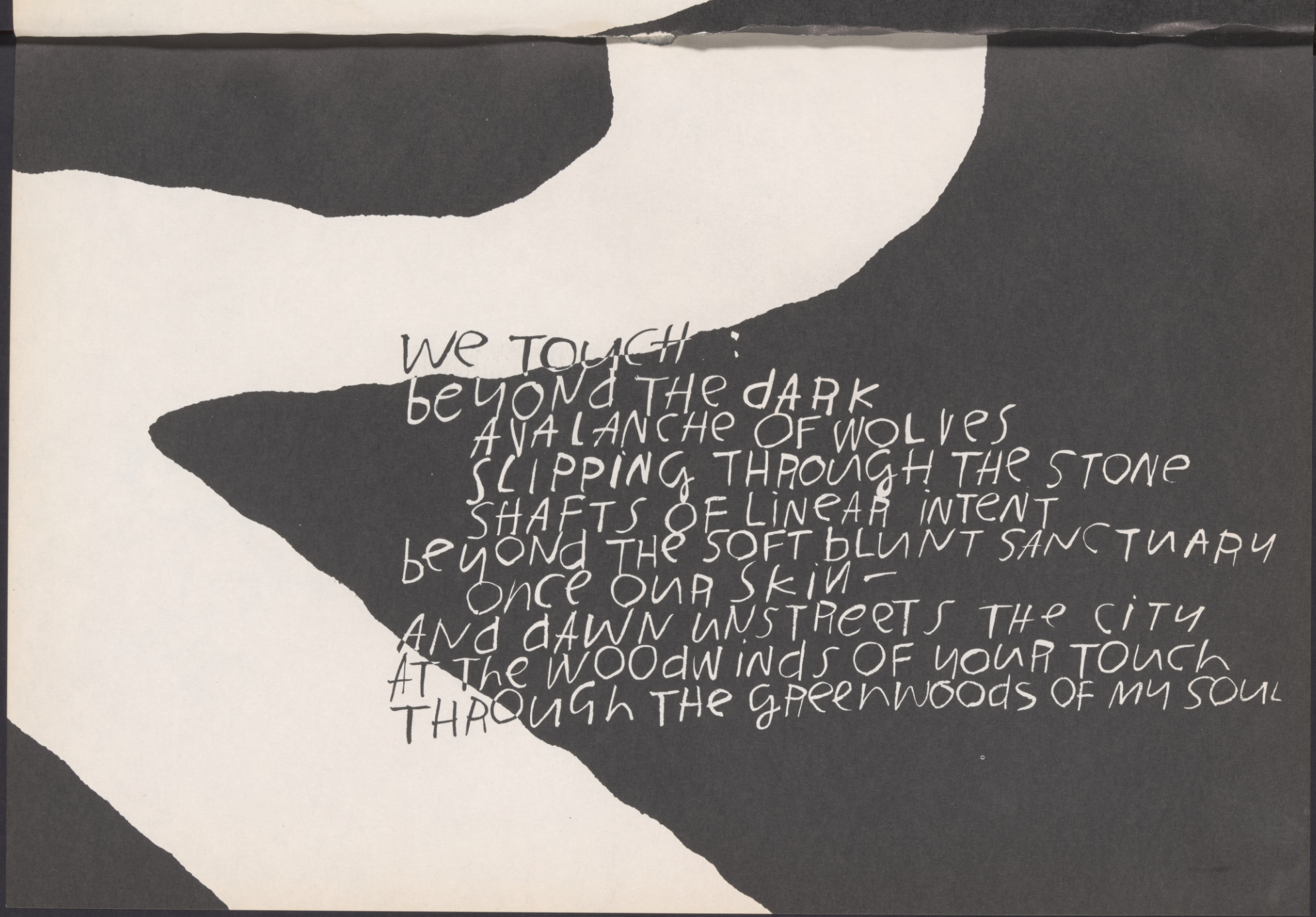
UNLESS TONIGHT I CAN ENDURE
THE STENCH OF SUICIDAL LOVE
CAREFUL LIVING WONT ALLOW,
I CANT LOVE ENOUGH TO LIVE
THE dying YOU HAVE TRIED
TO END IN DEATH: LOVE, LYING
ACROSS THESE SODDEN SHEETS,
PULLING AT THESE TWISTED TOWELS
DIRTY WITH YOUR dying,
DO NOT die

FOR WHO WILL KNOW I LIE
WHEN I WHISPER ITS ALL RIGHT
TO HANDLESS STRANGERS
DRIFTING BY, BASTARDIZED,
DAMNED IN THEIR INDIFFERENCE
TO NEVER DIE, NEVER
HAVING TRIED
TO RESURRECT A STINKING CHRIST:
WHO WILL LET ME HOLD TO dying
THROUGH THE NEXT DARK NIGHT?

We TOUCH :
beyond CHAOTIC FREEWAYS
OF OUR MINDLESS CITYS
MADDENED BY A NIGHT
OF GREEN AWAKENINGS
LOST BENEATH THE FLESH
OF FOREST CAUGHT IN CONCRETE —

WE TOUCH:
ALONG THE HARD ROCK ARTERIES
IN THE SILENCE OF MOTOR AND WHEEL
PAST OUR FAST DEAD AND SLEEPING
SLIDING BY IN TIN BEDS
THROUGH THE FLASH OF BLACK & WHITE
BEARING LEFT AND RIGHT
UPON OUR HURTLING HIDING PLACE
IN THE UNDERBRUSH OF NIGHT —


We TOUCH.:
ON THE RIM OF GRANITE LUNACY
between THE STONE dRuidic TREES
TREMBLING IN THE SHEEN
THUNDERING On STUNNED LIMBS
CRYING OUT FOR diAGRAM
WITH EVERY EDGE AND ANGLE
TO Hide A HUNdRed NAKed bONES
OF FUNCTION FORM AND STONE
CAREENING THROUGH THE MIND—


we touch :
beyond the dark
avalanche of wolves
slipping through the stone
shafts of linear intent
beyond the soft blunt sanctuary
once our skin —
and dawn unstreets the city
at the woodwinds of your touch
through the greenwoods of my soul

We huddle together
two by two
to keep alive
the language we go by,

the eyes by which we look
life logical, the hands
by which we understand
what can be held –

we smile together
in terrified conspiracy
to outface time
and blind monstrous space

that would consume
whoever is discovered
alone
and out of sight of sight –

ah, love, you and i –
we cage the sky
by bold remarks, by
holding it between our hands,

we dwarf the land
step by step, and
by pointing at its parts
as extensions of our art

to be no time, no space
or all, while there is face
and hand of you, and i
have language to go by.

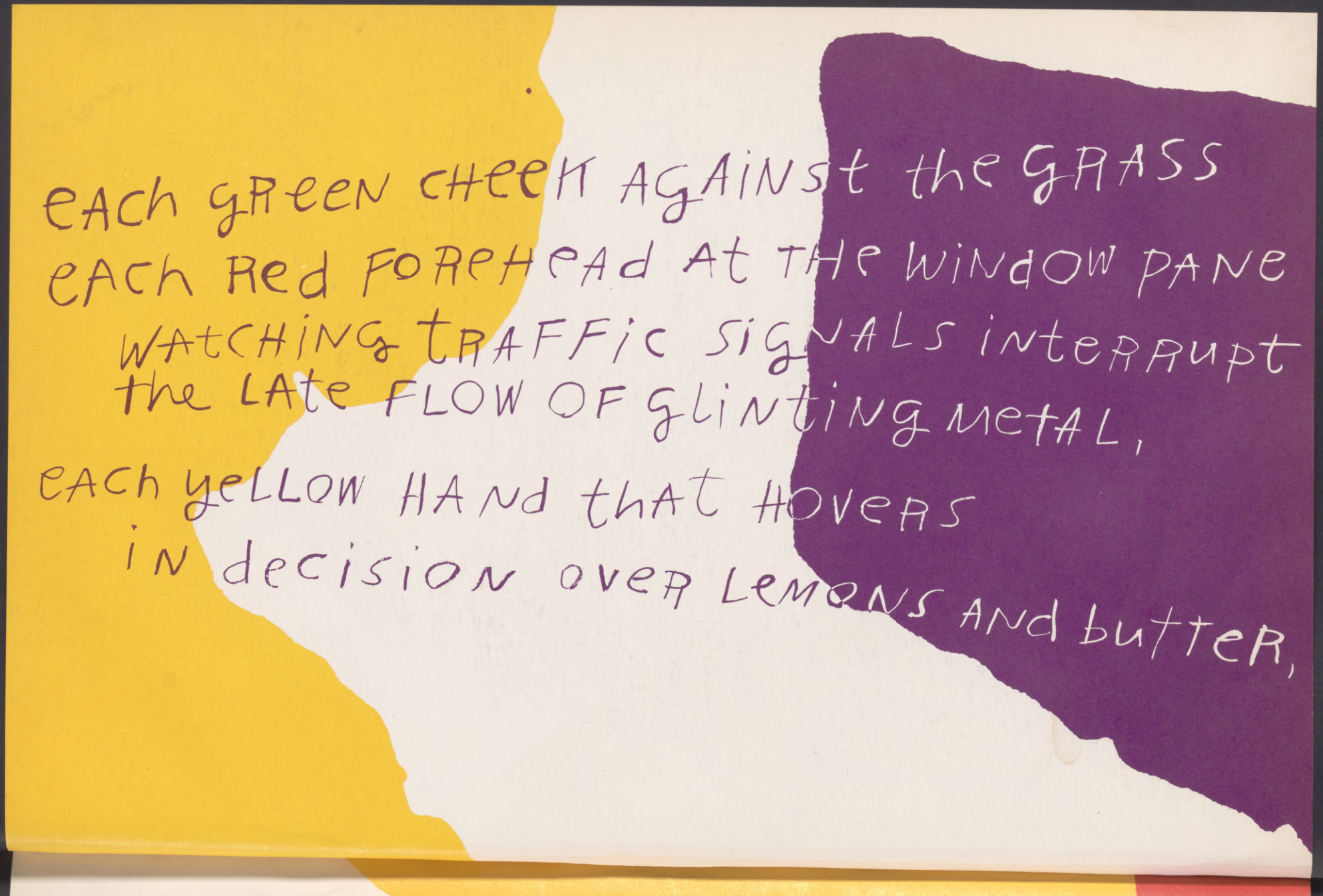
WHEN UNDER the embRACE
OF APRIL RAIN, THE EARTH
TREMBLES AND WHISPERS
LOVERS WILD to THE touCh
OF SPRINGS GREEN HANDS—

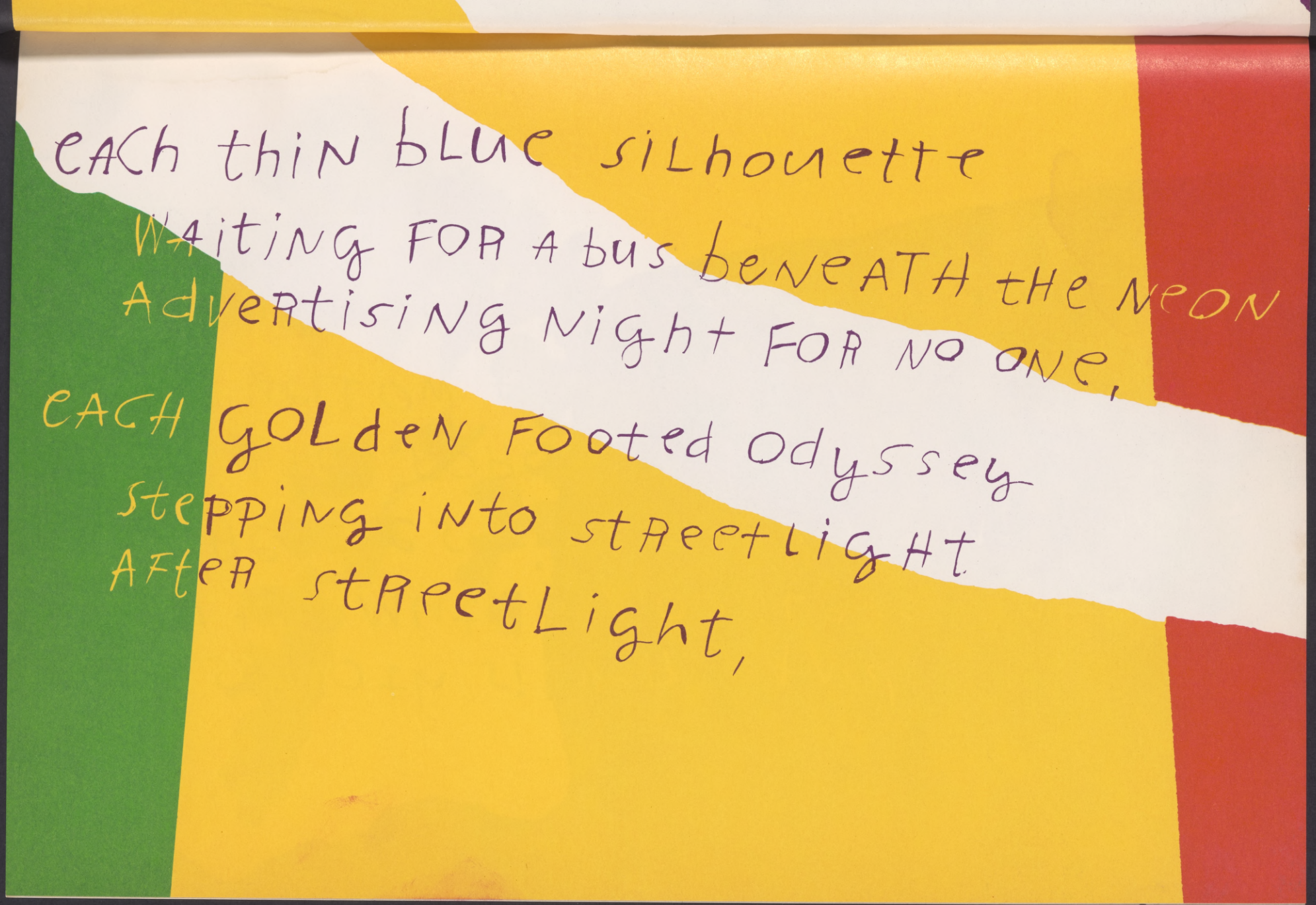
HOME is ONLY WIDTH OF WORLD
AND LENGTH ENOUGH TO SHOUT
GENTLE THINGS between THE BOLD
AND YOUNG OF YES WHO REACH
EACH to EACH to EASE the sting
OF SPRING AND GREEN WITHIN
THE FEAR OF WITHHELD HANDS:

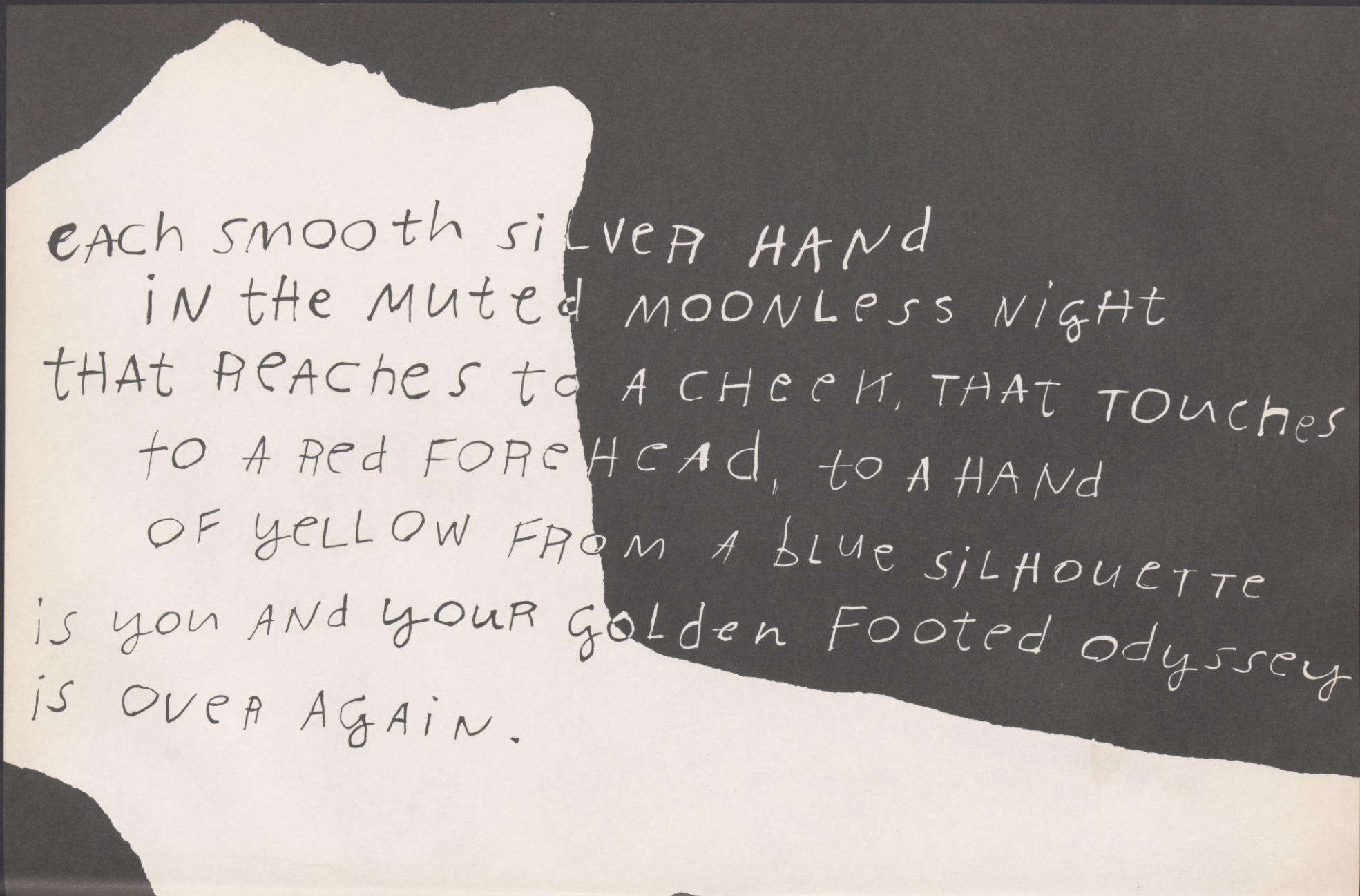
IN A WORD the WORLD WAITS
TO SUMMON love to APRIL
AND hold the WINTER WOUNDED
EVERGREEN EVERYWHERE
A MAN is WHY HE LOVES

i don't WANt to disgRACe you —
i've shined up my boNes ANd
SMOOThed My SKIN iN QUiet
FOLds AROUNd Me, ARRANGed
My LIMbs tASTeFULLy
iN eLegANt LINes tHAt NONe MAy See
eLBOW OR KNee, i've iNSTRUCTed
MY JAW NOT TO GRIN NOR JAPe,
MY LIPS to STAY FIRMLy iN PLACe:

i SHALL NOT bLINK NOR STARe
NOR WILL A HAIR UPON MY HEAd
MOVe, ANd i CAN HOLd MY FeeT
STILL, tHAT NOT A TOe WILL tUMbLe:
i DON'T WANt TO disGRACe YOU,
but MY HANds HAVe their OWN HiSTORy
ANd iNSTiNCtively At YOUR eNTRANCe
RISe to YOUR FACe


each green cheek against the grass
each red forehead at the window pane
watching traffic signals interrupt
the late flow of glinting metal,
each yellow hand that hovers
in decision over lemons and butter,


EACh thiN bLUe siLhouette
WAitiNG FOR A bus beNeATH tHe NeON
AdveRtisiNG NiGht FOR NO ONE,
EACH GOLdeN FOOted OdySSey
StePPiNG iNto stREetLigHt
AFteR stREetLight,

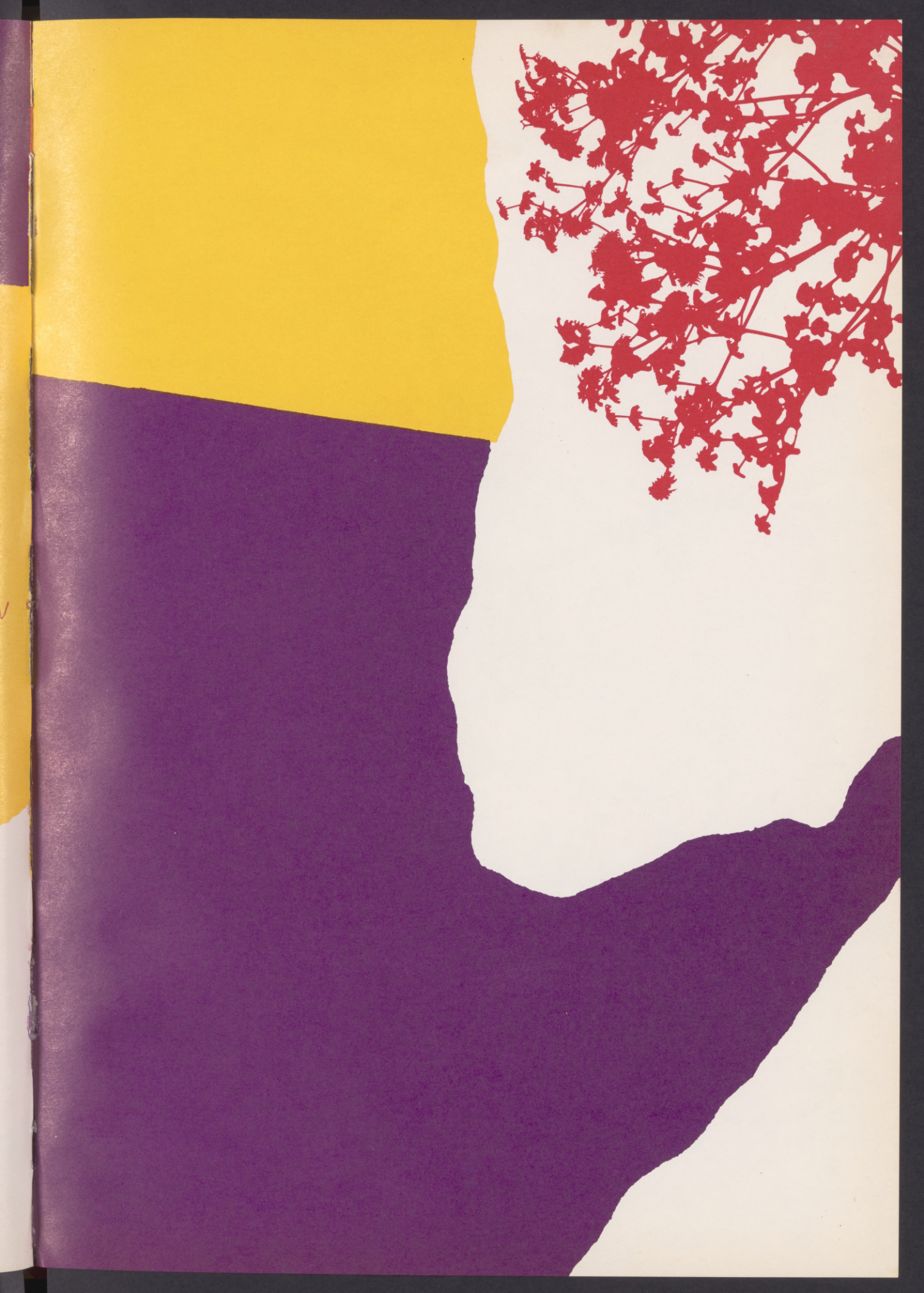

each smooth silver hand
in the muted moonless night
that reaches to a cheek, that touches
to a red forehead, to a hand
of yellow from a blue silhouette
is you and your golden footed odyssey
is over again.

LEAVES
LEAVING EVERYTHING
IN GREEN IN
HASTE

FALL
UPON THE PAST BEFORE
MY LIFE CAN SHUDDER AND BEGIN
ITS LEAP

OVER TIME AND UNDER-
STAND IN SPRING
THERE ARE NOT MANY DAYS
OR ANY

LEFT
TO WANT - ONE, PERHAPS
MUST HAVE TO LEAVE
TO LOVE



i dONt HNOW
HOW LONG I CAN dANCe
THIS SAd ANd FOOLish FiGURe
OF MiNe
THAt CAN At best distRACt
disASTeR FROM MY HINGdOM

OF SMALL-eyed suicides WHO
CROWd AROUNd Me
THEiR bROKEn FOOTed siLeNces—
I dONT HNOW
HOW LONG i CAN dANCe
MY LOVe

His mouth is always slightly open
As if to breathe were an effort
As if without this concentration
He would forget

And let
no air in,
Let wind and sky pass by him
unperceived

unbelieved
by texture, or by content—
believing only if he end
his slight wind exercise

the sky would gasp and die,
the earth shiver
in his unloving
And fade in his eye—

His mouth is always slightly open
With the exertion
Of keeping what might live alive.

the wind
makes the RAdio mourn
As though strangled
by some WORN jangle
OF the Nerves
some Rose torn ANguish
that must serve
FOR Music

bRUised by years OF LIARS
ANd telepHONe WIRes
stRetCHed SORELY
Like AN OLD MAN's sinews
ACROSS HIS HOPes. WHAt He KNew
OF REST
ACROSS WHAt He COULd ONLy HOPe
OF deATH —

THe RAdio MAKes the ROOM MOAN,
the WOOd PANELled WALL
REMEMbER ALL
its bILLION SPLINTERS,
but is HINdeR StILL thAN time's
bRUtAL INdiRECtion —

the WIND RESORTs to FICTION
IN OUR ROOMS, the WORN
WINDOWS OF OUR RADIOS
CAN ALWAYS FIND OLD MEN
TO MOURN.

Like electric eels we slide through
all our submerged city's streets
flashing red alarms of light to
warn whatever's far too fleet
to not
stop,
to.

armed with light
to cut the night to ribbons
where we
would see
to evade collision

we prefer the night,
we eels electric
adjusted to the fathoms of our drowning
we prefer the light
water-tight
in front of what's heard sounding
the depth of our own wanting
nothing less
around us
than us.

Like electric eels
we conceal our own
sickly suns,
and do what must be done
viciously alone.

EARLY, NEAR FIVE
MY FATHER AND I:
WE SIT QUIETLY,
ME AT THE KITCHEN COUNTER
HE IN AN OVERSTUFFED CHAIR
AND SHARE SPACE

MY POSITION HIGH ON A STOOL
WITH MY FEET HIGH ON ANOTHER
IS PRENATAL, AS THOUGH I
AM ONLY HALF OUT OF BED,

HALF-BORN, HERE BESIDE MY FATHER
WHO PATIENTLY WAITS
FOR MY DELIVERANCE,
MY FIRST CRY

AS THE DARK BEGINNINGS EDGE
INTO ANOTHER GLINTING DAY
WE BOTH REHEARSE OUR NAKEDNESS
BEFORE WE RISE
TO ADDRESS A NAKED WORLD—
HE IN A CLOTHING STORE,
ME IN A CLASSROOM—

BOTH TO FIND WORDS
FOR MAKE BELIEVE FLESH
WE FASHION TO SURVIVE
EARLY, NEAR FIVE

STIFF-Legged
THE LAUGHING TOY CHILD
WATCHES HIS KINDERGARTEN LEGS
turn obediently
HIM
AROUND, then

PLUMPLY
LEFT, THEN
RIGHT
RUN HIM DOWN
TO WHERE THE OTHER
OLDER CHILDREN PLAY

ALREADY HALF-ADULT
AND IMPATIENT WITH LEGS.

I CAN BARELY HOLD
MY FATHERS LOVING
ON MY FEET. HE
GROANED SLIGHTLY
AS HE TOUCHED ME
OUT OF SLEEP.
HE ALWAYS GAVE
GOOD MORNINGS
UNTIL HE
HAD NO MORE TO GIVE.

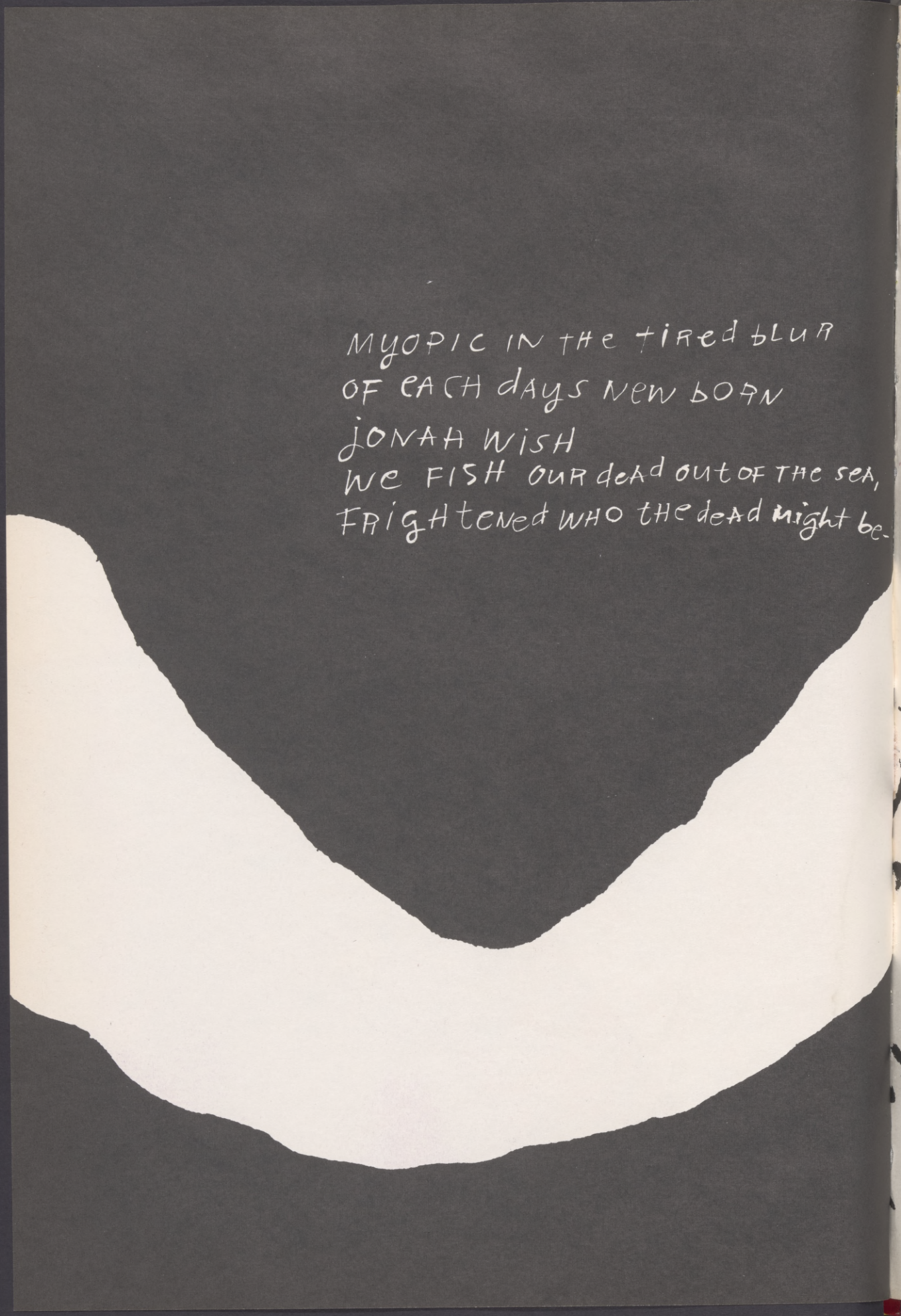
BEFORE we KNOW it
OUR eyes HAVE STRAYED to the WINDOW
AS IF THEY SOUGHT SOME KINSHIP
with the SKY, AS IF UNFOCUSED
THEY LOOSE the MIND

IN the OPEN BLUE, IN GHOSTLY FLIGHT
AROUND the SUN
TO become
SOMETHING we HAVE LOST

IN SOME FORGOTTEN OPTION once MADE
TO RULE THE SHADE,
TO LOCK tightly AND define
TIME AND PLACE
THAT NOTHING SHOULD be
except WHAT we SO see —

but
BEFORE we KNOW it
OUR judAS eyes HAVE STRAYED
to the WINDOW
To be WHAT we BETRAYED.

IN the NIGHT, IN the RAIN
the STREET LIGHT PLAYS the SUN
WEAKLY to ONE CORNER OF the BLOCK -
HARD AND FROZEN TO ITS GESTURE
LIKE A TRIANGLE, LIKE A SILENT
HYSTERIA, LIKE A GOSSAMER ICEBERG
it HOLDS WALL, WINDOW, SIDEWALK
to its eye
LIKE SOME OLD WRINKLED CRONE
WAITING to die
but too used to BIRTH AND BONE
NOT to NURSE the STONE MOUTHED WORLD
FUMBLING IN THE NIGHT.


MYOPIC IN THE TIRED BLUR
OF EACH DAYS NEW BORN
JONAH WISH
WE FISH OUR DEAD OUT OF THE SEA,
FRIGHTENED WHO THE DEAD MIGHT BE-

(i cAy to hide IN HOLLy WOODS
ANd dANCe eteRNAL CHRistMAS,
but boNe ANd bLOOd do bud, dO bud
ANd i MUst WinteR CROSS ANd die)

We HAd to tUMbLe
LIMb FROM LIMb ANd LeAVe
OUR LUMbeR LOVe disputes
to HideOUR INteRRUpted FORest

WHeN tHe SPRING we tHOUGHt
OUR tHeFt FORever
FeLt deceMbeRS iRON WOMb
CROSS OUR WOOd

ANd tHRUst A CHiLd betweeN US
OF YOUNGeR LAUGHteR
tHAN OUR FLeSH
CAN eVeR beAR AGAiN—

two thousand years ago,
and still we hold between us
the season of our god
forsaken love:

old and broken limbed
we can not now
uncarpenter the child
submitted once to lumber

nor can we leave,
no longer can we move our limbs
from the iron interruption
of his evergreen epiphany

(i cry to hide in holly woods
and dance eternal christmas
but bone and blood do bud, do bud
and i must winter cross and die)

ALL THE TIME A YOUNG MAN HE
WAS ANXIOUS FOR THE FISHERS
AND WALKED ACROSS THE WATERS
OF OUR RESTLESS CITY DREAMING
TO THE KINGDOM OF THE CRIPPLED
LOVERS,

EVERY ONE A DAUGHTER
OR A SON OF ONE BEFORE THEM
AND AFRAID TO GO ON LIVING
LEST SOME OTHERS FOLLOW BY THEM

BUT THE YOUNG MAN LOOKED AROUND
AND HELD HIS HANDS OUT TO THEM
AND FOUND HIS HANDS WERE FISHES
THAT LEAPED OUT OF THE WATERS
OF HIS MIND

SO THEY SANG A SONG OF HARVEST
AND THEY BROKE HIS BREAD AND WATER
AND WERE BORN INTO THE GRAPE EYED
GENERATION OF THE GIFTED

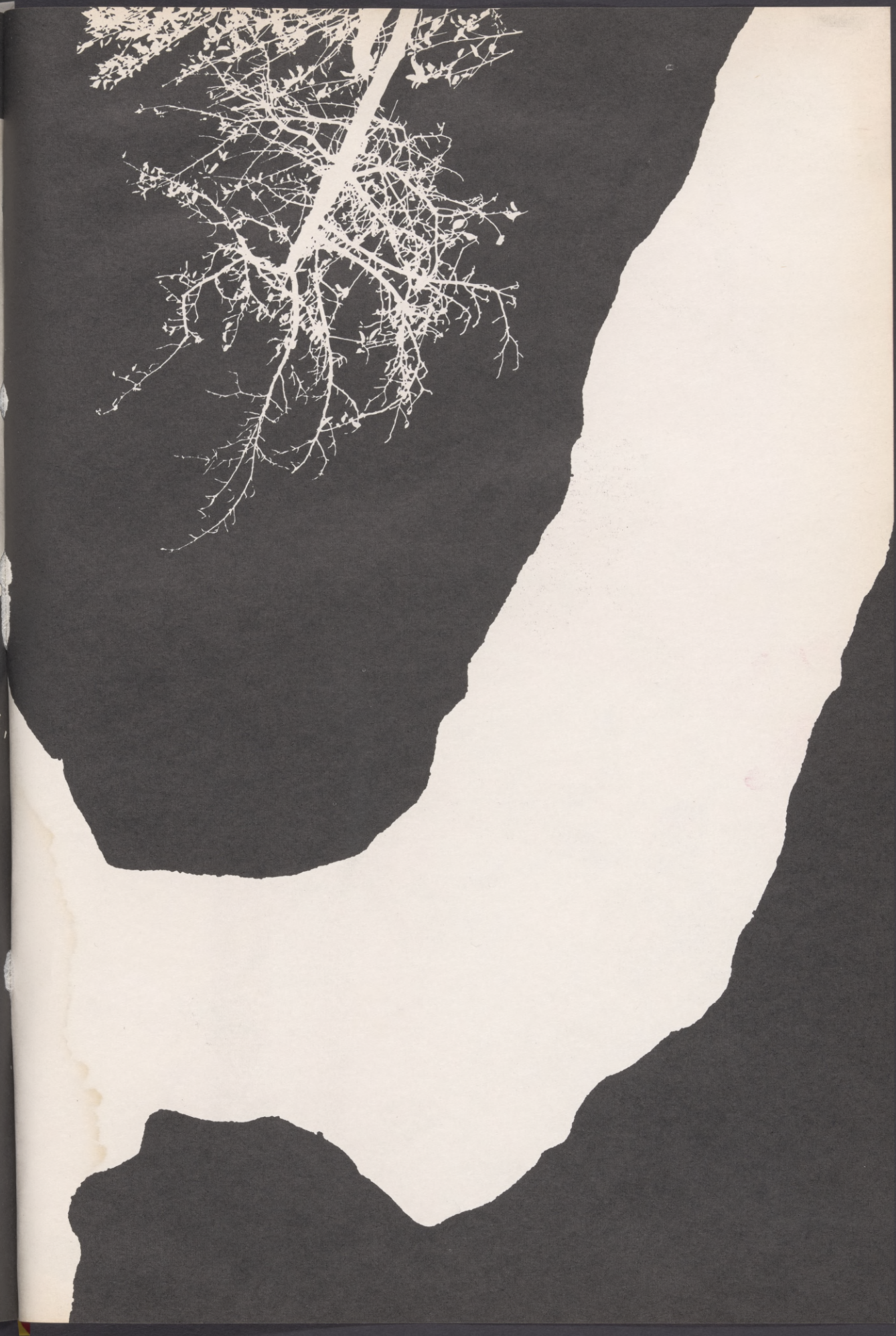
TO EXTEND THEIR HANDS TO MORNING
AND CONSOLE THE FRIGHTENED EVENING
OF THEIR EYES

AND THEY TIED THE YOUNG MAN GENTLY
TO THE TREE THAT HE WOULD NEVER
BUT HE DIED.

LAte SUNdAy
At tHE beACh
Kite-HEAded SAILbOATS
STRUGGLE WitH INVISibLE ideAS
THAt OWN tHE AiR —

tHE SUN is StILL high
but the CROWds hAVE gONE
ONE by ONE,
dRAGGING theiR bEACH TOWELS
Like SOME KINd OF FLAGS
IN SOME KINd OF defEAt —

THE SAILBOATS tOO ARE LEAVING,
ReTURNING to tHEiR dOCKS,
THEiR SAILS FURLed ANd tied
tightLy to tHeiR tALL MASts —
SEAGULLS HOVER FOR A WHiLE
AS IF to ASK SOME QUESTiON
OF tHE SAILBOATS, tHEN SiLENTLY
FLY ON —



I AM IN VIETNAM —
WHO WILL CONSOLE ME?

I AM TERRIFIED OF BOMBS,
OF COLD WET LEAVES AND BAMBOO SPLINTERS
IN MY FEET, OF A BULLET CRACKING THROUGH
THE TREES, ACROSS THE WORLD, KILLING ME —
THERE IS A BULLET IN MY BRAIN,
BEHIND MY EYES, SO THAT ALL I SEE IS PAIN

I AM IN VIETNAM —
WHO WILL CONSOLE ME?

FROM THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS,
FROM THE HEADLINES LURKING ON THE STREET,
BETWEEN THE ANGRY LOVE SONGS ON THE RADIO,
FROM THE FRIGHTENED HAWKS
AND ANGRY DOVES I MEET,
A WAR I WILL NOT FIGHT IS KILLING ME —

I AM IN VIETNAM —
WHO WILL CONSOLE ME
?

ONCE, WHEN I WAS A HORSE
AND you WERE A blue
INTERRUPTION OF RIVER
you pebbled my HOOVES
WITH PROMISES:

WHEN ONCE I WAS OCEAN
AND you WERE A GREEN
ghostly laugh on the WIND

I LEARNED WHAT TO SING:

WHEN i WAS ONCE A KNIFE
AND you WERE A WHITE
PREDICTION OF MOON
I CAlled FOR YOUR FICTION:

ONCE WHEN I WAS A bicycle
you WERE A SWAN
SUNG high ON A RIDDLE
NO WIND COULD UNRAVEL
ALTHOUGH i WOULD LISTEN
AND LISTEN AND listen.

AN ASIATIC MAN IN A LOUD GREEN GOWN
WITH A VIOLENT EXPRESSION
PLAYS ON SOME STRINGED INSTRUMENT
HELD LIKE A MACHINE GUN
IN ONE PICTURE
ON THE WALL —

IN THE OTHER
AN ASIATIC WOMAN WRAPPED IN BLUE
LOOKS TOWARD THE MUSIC
FROZEN INTO A GRACEFUL TURN OF BODY
WITH DELICATE WHITE HANDS
POISED AND WAITING

FOR WHAT?
CAN THE STERN MUSICIAN MAN
PLAY HIS ANGRY LOVE
HARD ENOUGH FOR HER TO FEEL
ACROSS THE WALL BETWEEN THEM?
AND IF SHE COULD

UNDERSTAND
THE MUSIC OF HIS HANDS
COULD THEY MEET AND CELEBRATE
SOME SECRET PLACE
BETWEEN THEIR WINDOWED LANDS?

I AM VIETNAMESE
AND YOU, MY LOVE,
A B-52

HANGING MOTIONLESS IN SPACE
YOU LET THE WORLD TURN
MY ASIA TO YOU
IMMUNE
TO MY UPRAISED ARMS,

MY RAGE,
INDIFFERENTLY
DROPPING A SUN
TO TURN MY FLESH TO ASH,
OR NOT,
AND GLINT OUT OF SIGHT

VAGUELY WONDERING
THAT I
WOULD QUESTION LOVE

empty HANDS
will not let THIS dAy eND
WHILe STREETS STILL RUN
discoveRING THEIR diRECTION
to tHe SEA,
WHILe tHe SUN
STILL SHUddeRS AND SKIDS
to TRAFFIC SIGNALS,
WHILe LOST buILdINGS MEASURE
At dARK INTeRSeCTIONS
THE LENGTH OF deATH,
WHILE tHERe IS STILL TIME
FOR THE FISH TO FIND
THE SOFT HANDS OF THE FISHER.

THERE ARE SOME INDIANS THEY SAY
PART OF THE EARTH WE'VE PAVED
NOW WHO WOULD SO RESPECT A STONE
AS TO LEAVE IT ALONE
WHEREVER IT LAY
EVEN IF IN THE WAY —

THERE ARE SOME INDIANS THEY SAY
PART OF THE WEEDS WE SPRAY
NOW WHO WOULD APOLOGIZE TO A CARROT
THAT HUNGER DEMANDED THEY TEAR IT
UP, AND WOULD THEN HEAR THE GROAN
OF THE EARTH TO BE SO DISOWNED
OF EVEN SO SMALL
A PART OF THE ALL —

THERE ARE SOME INDIANS THEY SAY
PART OF THE EARTH HERE WHERE ONE DAY
NOW WE'LL BE PART OF,
TO TOO LATE LEARN LOVE
OF WHAT WE ARE:
TOO FAR
GONE FROM THE MERIDIANS
OF RESPECT THAT THE INDIANS
KNEW —

WHO
HAS UNDERSTOOD WHEN THEIR CAR
BLESSED ASPHALT AND TAR
AND WAS BLESSED IN RETURN ?
I HAVE LEARNED

THERE ARE SOME INDIANS they say
PART OF THE EARTH WHEN THE EARTH
WOULD PLAY
AND DANCERS
WOULD ANSWER :

THERE ARE SOME INDIANS they say
WHO ONCE PASSED, THIS WAY.

IN HER CUPS, SHE
IS SAUCY - HAS TO BE

WHEN THE CLIMATE'S ASSURED
AND TOPS OF BUILDINGS BLURRED
ENOUGH TO FLY THE ELEVATORS;
WHEN OTHERWISE,
SHE WALKS ON COROLLARIES
AND CARRIES STRAWBERRIES
TO THE FALLEN AVIATORS

AND APOLOGIZES TO THE PARACHUTES
STILL DAZED BY THE MUTE
WISDOM OF THE WIND

AND INQUIRES ABOUT THE AEROPLANES
HEALTH,
WEALTH being A too LATE STIPULATION
TO SAVE AN AIRBORNE NATION
FROM THE PLIGHT OF BOY SCOUT BIRDS
Resting on BALSA WOOD
AND tissue PAPER DREAMS -

but,
IN HER CUPS
SHE IS SAUCY -
HAS to be

IMAGINING THE WORLD
ON MY EYEBALL,
TWO-DIMENSIONED I
WATCHED THE SUN SET
DOWN ITS OVAL ASS
GOLDENLY UPON A LINE

SOME STRAIGHT-EDGED
RULER DREW
TO KEEP THE FISH BELOW
THE BIRDS ABOVE,
THEN SHRINK INTO A SQUINT
INTO THE LINE,

AND THEN REMOVE THE LINE
AND FISH CAVORT
WITH BIRDS AND BIRDS
CAVORT WITH FISH AND I
WONDER WHAT THE HELL
I'M STANDING ON

He put His HANds
AWAy tidily
iN to His pOckets AND
sMiLed. then GRACEfuLLy
tucked His Feet
UNdeR His seAt.
ANd sMiLed tHeN
sMiLed AgAiN
ANd dRAWiNg His kNees
UP to His CHiN, He
Rested His CHiN
AGAiNst His SHiN
ANd sMiLed tHeN
Hugged His eLbOWS
to His side, AbOve His toes
ANd sMiLed tHeN
SMiLed agAiN
AND SAid SON
i ONLy HAVe ONe
tHiNg tO SAy:
ANd ROLLed AWAy.

SHE TALKS to SAILORS
INCESSANTLY to see
if the SEA EVER LOOKS
LIKE SHE

LIKES to THINK
SHE LOOKS WHEN SHE SINKS
OUT OF SIGHT
OF the MERE

IMITATION OF THE MIRROR.
THE SAILORS ALL SMILE
AND AFTER A WHILE
CAN SEE WHAT SHE SAW

IN THE SOUND
OF SHIPS GONE AGROUND—
THE EMOTION
OF THE BLUE AND BLUEGREEN
OCEAN

ON HER HANDS,
AND BETWEEN HER HANDS
THE PITCH AND ROLL
OF HER SEA SICK SOUL.

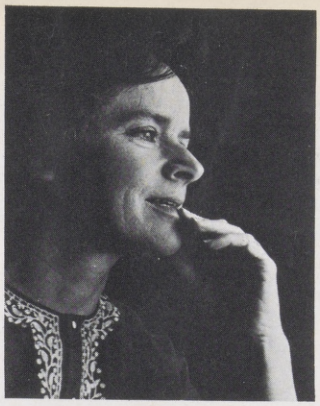
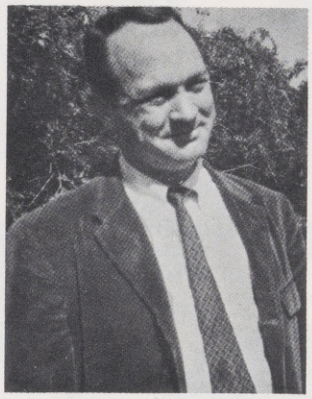


PHOTO BY CELIA HUBBARD

Corita Kent received an M.A. in Art from the University of Southern California where she learned the techniques of serigraphy—the art form for which she has become internationally famous. After 32 years as Sister Corita in the community of the Immaculate Heart Sisters, she resigned in 1968. Her future now appears as rich and as exciting as her art. Corita Kent was named one of the Top Nine Women of the Year by the *Los Angeles Times*, and she was also chosen by *Harper's Bazaar* for their special edition on "American Women of Accomplishment."



Gerald Huckaby, a former correspondent for the Beverly Hills Bureau of Time, Inc., is a professor of English at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles where he has taught for the last 8 years. This is the first time his poetry, which has appeared frequently in college publications and local newspapers, is available in book form.

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